

**Maria MacDonald**

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**From:** Mike Jewell [jewellpage@gmail.com]  
**Sent:** Monday, November 27, 2006 6:52 AM  
**To:** Jewell, Mike  
**Subject:** Excerpts From Our Journal

November 27, 2006

I've preached the last two Sundays and each one has been quite an experience. Last week, near the end of my message, the sky darkened and the wind began to blow. And I do mean BLOW! (The next day's weather report would recount the wind speed at 70 kilometers per hour, quite a gust for our region). My pant legs began to flap so hard that I thought I was going to levitate like the Flying Nun!

I asked everyone to bow their heads for the invitation and our final prayer, and the second I did, my notes exploded from the pulpit spreading throughout the crowd, hitting one man in the head... in the back row! Remembering it now, it was a funny sight. But, I pondered God's timing of the whole episode.

Yesterday, we had around 50 in each service. During my message in the evening I was giving an illustration about how we sometimes think that we are slaves to our job. In the illustration I mentioned that I had talked with a young man from Calvary Baptist who had worked for McDonald's. He told me that he earned very little for his forty hours work. I thought that he said, "pastor I earned a mexerica..." which I thought must mean "a trifle" or a "little bit". As I gave the illustration and said the word "mexerica" everyone burst out laughing. Mexerica means "tangerine". So, nobody wants to work at McDonalds now because they pay in tangerines!

Anyway, I have this awful problem, when I make a boo boo like that one, my sweat glands kick in and I turn into a mini Niagara Falls. To make matter worse, I was wearing a light blue shirt that showed my continually worsening water leakage! I'm laughing as I type... but I wasn't laughing last night. It was one of those, "...wanna get away?" moments. How can God use a "nut" like me? As I was reading in 1 Corinthians I came across the answer, "*God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise...*(1:27a). Thank you Father for Your help (and sense of humor).

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Mike

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